

The Tragidie

Dut. Good faith, good faith: the saying did not hold,
In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretchedst thing when he was young,
So long a growing and so leaſurely,
That if this were a rule he ſhould be gracious.
Car. Why Maddam, ſo no doubt he is,
Dut. I hope ſo too but yet let mothers doubt.
Yor. Now by my troth if I had beene remembred,
I could haue giuen my Vncles grace a ſhout, (mine)
That ſhould haue neerer toucht his growth then he did
Dut. How my pretty *Yorke*: I pray thee let me heare it.
Yor. Marry they ſay, that my Vncle grew ſo faſt,
That he could gnaw a cruſt at two houres old,
Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
Granam, this would haue beene a pritty ieſt.
Dut. I pray thee pretty *Yorke*, who told thee ſo?
Yor. *Granam*, his Nurſe.
Dut. Why, ſhe was dead ere thou wert borne.
Yor. If twere not ſhe, I cannot tell who told me.
Qu. A perillous boy: go too thou art too ſhrewd,
Car. Good Maddam be not angry with the child.
Qu. Pitchers hath eares. *Enter Dorſet.*
Car. Heere comes your ſonne, Lord Marques *Dorſet*,
What newes Lord Marques?
Dor. Such newes my Lord, as grieues me to vnfold.
Qu. How fares the Prince?
Dor. Well Madam, and in health:
Dut. What is the newes then?
Dor. Lord *Rivers*, and Lord *Gray*, are ſent to Pomfret,
With them Sir Thomas *Vaughan*, priſoners.
Dut. Who hath committed them?
Dor. The Mighty Dukes *Gloceſter* and *Buckingham*.
Car. For what offence?
Dor. The ſumme of all I can, I haue diſcloſed:
Why or for what theſe Nobles were committed,
Is all vnkowne to me, my gracious Lady.
Qu. Ay me, I ſee the downefall of our Houſe,
The Tiger now hath ſeaze the gentle Hinde:
Inſulting tyranny begins to iet.

of Richard the Third.

Vpon the innocent and lawleſſe throane:
Welcome deſtruction, death and maſſacre,
I ſee as in a Mappe the end of all.
Dut. Accurſed and vnquiet wrangling daies,
How many of you haue mine eyes beheld?
My husband loſt his life to get the crowne,
And often vp and downe my ſonnes were toſt,
For me to ioy and weepe their gaine and loſſe,
And being ſeated, and domeſticke broyles
Cleane ouer blowne, themſelues the conquerours,
Make war vpon themſelues, blood againſt blood,
Selfe againſt ſelfe, O prepoſterous
And frankticke outrage, and thy damned ſpleene,
Or let me die to looke on death no more.
Qu. Come, come, my boy, we will to Sanctuary.
Dut. Ile goe along with you.
Qu. You haue no cauſe.
Car. My gracious Lady, go.
And thither beare your treaſure and your goods.
For my part, Ile reſigne vnto your grace,
The Scale I keepe, and ſo betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all yours:
Come Ile conduct you to the Sanctuary. *Ex*
The Trumpets ſound Enter young prince, Duke of
Gloceſter, and Buckingham, Cardinall, &c.
Buc. Welcome ſweete Prince to London to your cham
Glo. Welſome ſweete Coſen my thoughts ſoueraigne:
The weary way hath made you melancholy.
Prin. No Vncle, but our croſſes one the way.
Haue made it tedious, wearifome and leauy,
I want more Vncles heere to welcome me:
Glo. Sweete Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeares
Haue not yet diued into the worlds deceit:
Nor more can you diſtinguiſh of a man,
Then of his outward ſhew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart:
Thoſe vncles which you want were dangerous,
Your grace attended to their ſugred words,
But looke not on the poyſon of their hearts: